

Catarrrh

May affect any portion of the body where the mucous membrane is found. But catarrrh of the head is by far the most common, and the most liable to be neglected. It cannot be cured by local applications. Being a constitutional disease it requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the catarrrh, and soon effects a permanent cure. At the same time Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the whole system, and makes one feel renewed in strength and health. If you suffer from catarrrh, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Ringing Noises

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effort to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I am never without the medicine in my house as I think it is worth its weight in gold."

Mrs. G. B. Ginn, 1029 Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

"I was troubled with that annoying disease, nasal catarrrh, and never found relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. L. Rorrr, Marksburg, Ky.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.

It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.

It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer.

It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, N. Y.

Wm. Petersen

BUTCHER,

No. 24 W. First South St.

ALL KINDS EAT IN SEASON.

Family Trade Solicited. Meat Delivered.

TELEPHONE 268.

CHILDREN

LOOK OUT

FOR THE GRAND

Thanksgiving Party

AT THE

SALT LAKE THEATRE

ON

THURSDAY, NOV. 29, '88.

Great Holiday Event!

Dancing to commence at 2 p.m. and to continue till the dancers are worn out.

Admission, 25c. Adults, 50c.

A. C. SMITH & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

DRUGGISTS.

AGENTS FOR

Parks, Davis & Co.,

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AND MANY OTHERS.

CIGARS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Prices as Low as Any in the Territory.

N. E. Corner Main and Second South Street

SALT LAKE CITY

COSTA RICA LETTER.

Bachelors Tabooed in the Little Republic.

COSTA RICAN CONSTITUTION.

The Picturesque Cops-Drunkness Unknown-Orange Groves-Venture Lands in Lavish Quantities.

SAN JOSE, November 11, 1888.

[Special correspondence to THE HERALD.]—Before bidding adieu to Costa Rica, to continue our wanderings in other parts of the Isthmus, let us briefly review some of the prominent features of this little Republic, hitherto overlooked in these disjunctive letters.

No country outside of Central America has so unique a Constitution as that under which Costa Rica was re-organized in 1848. It claims to be patterned after that of the model Republic of the world—the United States—but in many respects is very different. For example, to exercise

THE ELECTIVE FRANCHISE

a citizen must be 25 years old, be either the father of a family or the head of a household, and own real estate to the value of at least \$1,000. In this particular Uncle Samuel might well be said to have his feeble little sister.

To be a member of Congress in Costa Rica the citizen must be 25 years old and own real estate to the value of \$3,000, or be a professor of some recognized college—it being taken for granted, apparently, here as elsewhere, that the children of genius are born to be poor.

The President and Vice president are each elected for a term of six years by the electoral assemblies of the counties; and to be eligible to either office, the citizen must be 33 years old, own property to the value of \$10,000, and be, or have been, married. What a blessing it would be to Washington society could the same laws be enacted in the United States and

BACHELOR CONGRESSMEN TABOOED.

Our southern neighbors evidently recognize the fact that if a man amounts to much, all things being equal, he will have accumulated a respectable amount of property before middle-age; and also the older truth that the possession of home and fireside, wife and children, gives the citizen a more vital interest in the welfare of the country upon whose judicious government their freedom and value depend.

The Costa Rican Constitution has other points equally worthy of imitation. It prescribes hospitality to strangers as a sacred duty, and declares citizenship to be forfeited by ingratitude to parents; the abandonment of wife or children, and neglect of the obligations due to the family and homestead. It also asserts some things that look well on paper but cannot very readily be carried out—such as

"LIBERTY OF THE PRESS"

(heaven save the mark!) personal security, the inviolability of property (which still may be confiscated on the slightest political pretext) and the equality of all citizens.

The legislative power resides in a Congress, composed of one chamber, with twelve members, presided over by the Vice-President of the Republic. The other two branches of the supreme power are the executive and judicial. The latter power is vested in a Supreme Court and a Tribunal created by the President. The Supreme Court consists of a regent, five judges and an attorney-general. The officers (with the exception of the latter, who is elected for six years), hold their commissions during good behavior; but none of them can be suspended unless under impeachment, nor can they be deposed except by a formal judicial sentence.

Neither the President, Vice-President nor any member of the Cabinet can vote; and all the offices, as well as the judgeships of the Supreme Court, are incompatible with a representative position. Congress appoints the judges, pro-rogues its own sessions and names for its recesses a permanent commission, consisting of the Vice-President and four of its own members. The passage of a law requires the approval of a Congressional majority, after three days' discussion, or a lapse of three days, and the sanction of the Executive.

THE CONSTITUTION PROHIBITS SLAVERY, privileged classes, the violation of correspondence, and primogeniture, and restricts capital punishment. The Republic is divided into five provinces, and these subdivided into cantons or counties, and these, again, into districts. The provinces have their governors and military commandants, and the cantons and districts have alcaldes and other political chiefs.

A picturesque looking body are the Costa Rican police, clad in scanty linen and "a little brief authority," each with a carbine slung over his shoulder, and dangling at one side a short, brass blued sword and a cartershe box; the costume completed by a greasy old blanket and a ragged sombrero of Panama grass. Every evening, immediately after sunset, they are mustered off to duty, each having his own particular "beat." They patrol the silent streets till day break, calling out the hours in a dismal recitative, and at every half hour whistling the alert. When these dreary vigils are ended with the crowing of the cocks, each offers up his oración del sereno, proclaiming to the still slumbering town a loud but sleepy

"AVE MARIA PURISSIMA!"

Though on coming home late from theatre, ball, or fiesta, you may not infrequently stumble over a ragged policeman snoring in the shelter of the doorway, and feel inclined to grumble at being so often awakened during the still half-hours by his unnecessary whistle—yet this personage brings a comfortable sense of security and he is certainly the most faithful of creatures. In San Jose, it is also the duty of the police force to fill and light the street lamps, and to put them out in the morning. Though handsome lamp posts of wrought iron imported from England,

ornament the intersection of all the streets, the municipality illuminates itself but sparingly with wax and oil. Aside from attending to the lamps of the alert, Costa Rica's guardians of the peace have little to do, especially in San Jose, where the greatest dissipation is the Sunday cock-fight, peacefulness and temperance prevail. Indeed, all over the country, drunkenness, that frightful curse of crime and riot, is almost unknown, though everybody who is rich enough to procure it, drinks wine instead of water.

Altogether too short is the journey between San Jose and Nicaragua Gulf—one point of embarkation for Panama—for every regretful step seems a farewell to the land we have learned to love. Turning our backs upon

THE SMART LITTLE CAPITAL,

in the twilight of an early morning. We are whirled out of town fast as horses can carry us; past long lines of neat white cottages lining both sides of the road, then past carefully-cultivated lawns and farmyards and small plantations, which extend all the way from the municipal limits to the bridge of Iolirra.

El Puente del Arco de Iolirra—the name of the bridge as set forth on tables of stone inserted in its battlements—spans a sunken bed of lava rock, over which the Rio Grande before taking its 300-foot leap into the chasm of the Gaitia. The road is overhung by huge masses of lava stone and below the bridge, breaking through thick clusters of regia and convolvulus, are thousands of tons of it, melted into one steep cliff.

Then come peaceful cane fields and coffee plantations, laid out with studied regularity in squares and avenues. The road from San Jose to La Asuncion is in the best possible condition, broad and level, with a deep trench on either side, backed by an embankment and bristling hedge. The latter was constructed years ago, by merely sticking into the ground green stalks of yucca, which, speedily taking root, have thrown out limbs and leaves in such profusion that now machetes find hard work to keep them within respectable limits.

At La Asuncion, eight miles from San Jose,

WE WAIT FOR BREAKFAST

at a posada (inn), whose broad, white face shines out hospitably through clouds of yellow dust perpetually rolled up by passing coffee carts. Everything within is remarkably clean, even to the buxom, bare-armed hostess, with her several chins and smile that somehow reminds me of melting butter. The table is without a cloth, but shines like a mirror, and all the queerly-shaped furniture is a rich black mahogany, highly polished. The breakfast consists of small loaves of crusty bread which we dip into the most delicious chocolate. Next come the regulation beef, stirred with garlic and garnished with chili-peppers, and fiery enough to draw tears from the eyes of a wooden Indian. Then we are treated to an excellent salad, composed of edible palm tops, olive oil and apricots, and afterwards we "top off" with the inevitable frijoles (red beans) wiled in lard. In all Central America, as in Mexico, it is a matter of stern necessity to eat frijoles at every meal, or by abstaining, to stand confessed as

A BARBARIAN AND A GRINGO.

But in the seasoning of the beans, "You pay your money and you take your choice." Those to the manor born garnish them with crumbed cheese, or with the thin, native maulasses, or pour enroled goats' milk over the greasy mass. Before leaving the festive board, everybody lights his or her cigarette, as an appropriate close to the final course.

An hour later we find ourselves in the plains of Carmen, environed on one side by the great Cordillera, broken by volcanic peaks, and on the other by the rugged Sierras of Santa Anna and San Miguel. This vast amphitheatre of Central Costa Rica was undoubtedly once the bed of a great inland sea whose waves were torn asunder in some convulsion of nature, and the imprisoned waters found liberty through the rent that now forms the outlet of the Rio Grande. The plains of Carmen comprise the lower portion of this amphitheatre and exhibit a loose dark loam, interspersed with quantities of volcanic debris. For miles no sign of human life disturbs the scene, nothing but breadth, lightness, infinitude—the sun in his fullness, rumblings of thunder overhead, though not an angry speck appears upon the cloudless blue, and the sound of visible waters pulsing through the warm earth.

In due course we reach Atenas, a city of

TRUE REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY,

with one wretched church, a posada, and score or more of poor huts. The wise, where we lunch while the horses are resting, has an amazingly high-peaked roof, thatched with plantain leaves; the interior furnished with bits of bamboo, a plastered floor, a few wooden chairs of San Francisco de Asis and half a dozen naked children. The landlady, whose head was shaped precisely like a cocoanut, with skin the fac simile of bread-fruit, frankly acknowledged that bugs and pigs infested the house, and advised us not to remain over night—which, I assure you, we had no intention of doing.

At the point called Del Monte, a ravine opens below us, in which mountains like the Catskills might be hidden, and disclosing San Pablo, the eternal sentinel of the Republic, in all the magnificence of his glory. Still winding up the Aguacale range, every turn in the winding road deceives us into the belief that it would be the last—often obliged to draw close to the rocks to let a train of coffee-carts go by—we journeyed on through the clouds.

Long after nightfall we reach Esparza, the poorest, laziest and most down-at-the-heel town we have yet encountered. It has the look of

A DESERTED VILLAGE

—not of one violently depopulated, whose inhabitants have gone away on an errand, but as if it had slowly died of old age and neglect. In truth, it is one of the oldest towns on the American continent. Columbus, you remember, entered the Bola del Dora in the year 1502, and only twelve years later the foundations were laid for this Spanish stronghold, which was christened Esparza—"the Holy Spirit of Hope." There are no ruins to tell the story of her misfortunes, nor footprints stamped in blood upon her pavements, for in these southern climes nature soon heals the wounds which torch and sword inflict. In 1620, when richest in orange groves and wine-yielding palms, Esparza was seized and sacked by a band of French mar-

auders. Hardly had she recovered from that shock when war dealt her a deadlier blow, and fifteen years afterwards a gang of English robbers under command of a cut-throat named Sharp, pounced upon the beautiful city and plundered it right to left. Then they set it on fire and decamped, carrying with them several prisoners from the first families (men and women), whom they afterwards released, upon the payment by their relatives of large sums of money.

From the terrors of those days Esparza has never recovered. Many of her inhabitants fled to the fertile plains of Bazaes, in the province of Guanacarti, others took refuge beyond the northern mountains, and a few hid themselves in the unknown valley of the Frio. Despite all she has lost and all she has suffered, and the withered old age of the town, the outskirts of Esparza are still beautiful, with odoriferous orange-groves, well stocked porterios, and neat white farm houses, within whose walls are pueras overfowing with fruits and flowers. All around lie the richest land conceivable, open as well as wooded, capable of yielding cocoa, sugar, indigo and cotton—in short, nearly everything—in lavish quantities. But truth compels us to admit that they are by no means cultivated as they deserve—a few scant patches of sugar cane being raised here and there for fodder only, and other products equally neglected.

And here in this old-time stronghold of "The Holy Spirit of Hope" we will leave ourselves for the night in Costa Rica.

FANNIE B. WARD.

IN RAILWAY CIRCLES.

A Steamer for the Lake-Railway Earnings—General.

W. B. DODDINGER, of the Missouri Pacific, was in Salt Lake yesterday.

On and after to-day the Utah Central City express will leave Salt Lake at 4.10 p.

C. E. HOOPER, general western passenger agent of the Denver & Rio Grande, with headquarters at Denver, was in Salt Lake yesterday on a periodical visit.

It continues to be asserted that the Omaha Rock Island & Pacific Company intends to push work during the coming winter on an extension from Liberal, Kan., south to El Paso. As this means the construction of some 400 or 500 miles of road, it is an item of importance.

SUPERINTENDENT RITER, of the Utah & Nevada, has received a letter from Blue Mound, Kan., asking permission to build a wharf at Garfield Beach, with the idea of running an excursion steamer on the Lake next summer. The writer says he will bring out a boat capable of carrying about 200 people, and that she will be a swift and handsome craft.

When the strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy occurred, all the civil engineers in the employ of the company surveying the extension of its line westward were discharged and the work of extension suspended. The company has, however, reinstated its corps of engineers, and preparations are in progress to extend the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy lines 300 miles westward to Wyoming during the next year which will bring it easily to the National Park.

COMMISSIONER ALBERT FINK is in very poor health. The disturbances in the trunk line pool, says the Wall Street News, which have now assumed most grave proportions, have made the commissioner more than usually nervous. He finds that he is no longer capable of keeping the association intact. We are informed that he seriously thinks of giving up his position. A couple of years ago he would have left his post if he could have retired without bringing about a climax. Now he needs have no compunction. The Pennsylvania has given him the opportunity which he has so long sought, and it is more than likely that he will take advantage of it. We understand that his formal resignation will shortly be tendered. As we said on Friday last: "The spirit of harmony did not prevail to any conspicuous extent around the Trunk Line Association rooms yesterday. Commissioner Albert Fink was not in good humor. He was sadly put out by the capers of the bad boys of his once happy family." Why? He is even reported to have said, "H. B. K. G. and D. W. are as bad as the rest."

The report of earnings made by 100 railroads for the month of October shows a very favorable condition of affairs. They earned \$2,448,058, against \$2,324,475 last year, an increase of \$123,583. For the ten months ending October 31, ninety-seven roads earned \$24,331,744, against \$23,750,020, an increase of \$581,694. The roads this year had the advantage of an extra working day, the month having contained one less Sunday than October, 1887, and that, of course, has been of considerable help in raising the totals; but, with that exception, conditions and circumstances have generally been about the same. In the first place, it must be noted that the comparison is with unusually heavy figures. The gain for October last year was much greater than for September. In fact, it was the best result reached since the previous March, and amounted to over \$3,500,000. Moreover, there had been a considerable gain in the same month in the year preceding, 1886; and a small gain even in 1885, so that the present increase follows successive gains in the previous three years, the improvement in some of these years having been very marked. The truth is, so far as statistics received are a guide, October has been a good month in all the years of the current decade, with one exception.

Coal! Coal!

J. C. & H. Watson have reopened their coal office in Hyde & Gridin's building, with Taylor Brothers & Clive, No. 119 Main street.

HIGHEST PRICES paid for Lucern Seed at Bailey & Son's Grain Store.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

The novel display in the window of E. J. Swanner & Co. attracted no little attention yesterday. Swanner says it is only the forerunner of much that is to follow, and that he will have some genuine surprises for Salt Lake in the way of Christmas and New Year's presents, which he will offer at prices heretofore unheard of in this section of the world. Among the latest, solar reticels, are several elegant onyx-top tables, and they elicited no small amount of admiration yesterday. His stock will be fuller and more complete than ever, and he has this season paid special attention to the precious stones, of which he has the largest and most valuable stock in the Territory.

Arrested for Petty Larceny.

About 11 o'clock last night a gentleman giving his name as William Hansen, walked into Lipman & Co's store and asked to see their stock of gloves. After looking at several styles he slipped a pair down the side of the show case and afterwards put them in his overcoat. The clerk who was waiting on him noticed this through the show case and after showing him several more pairs the clerk called attention to the theft. The pilferer took off his overcoat and told them to search him. A thorough search revealed the missing gloves in the lining of the overcoat. The police were called and the culprit was lodged in jail to await the action of Judge Pyper on Monday.

An Unqualified Lie.

PARI, Idaho, November 24.—[Special to THE HERALD.] The telegraphic report you mention as appearing in the Tribune at this date, is an unqualified lie. President William Budge is not in Washington. He is now at his home in this city. The story that he is working for the removal of Judge Berry is therefore rubbish, and was evidently made in the office of the sheet in question, as it could hardly have originated in any other source.

Pleuro-Pneumonia

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., November 24.—Pleuro pneumonia among the cattle in this county has assumed alarming proportions.

A Football Game

NEW YORK, November 24.—Yale won the football game with Princeton, at the Apollo grounds, this afternoon, by a score of 10 to 0. About 18,000 people were present, the great majority being Yale sympathizers. Bull the fall-back of the Yales, kicked two goals, one in each half. Each of his achievements aroused the wildest enthusiasm on the grand stand, the bleaching board and on stages about the field.



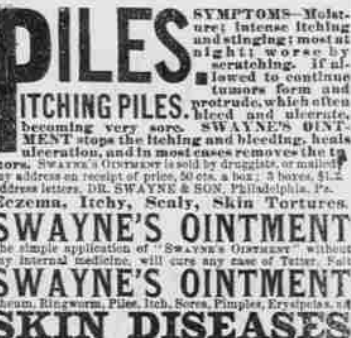
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St., N. Y.



BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.
Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than any other cup. It is delicious, strengthening, healthful, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



SWAYNE'S OINTMENT
SKIN DISEASES
The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Piles, Itch, Scabies, Pimples, Eruptions, etc.



STANDARD MUSIC
Sears & Sons Music Books, printed on fine paper from full-sized music plates, for \$2.00 per dozen, or \$2.50 per dozen, prepaid. STANDARD PIANO ALBUM—200 pages of choice songs, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, Chopin, Brahms, and others. STANDARD GEMS—100 pages of songs and ballads, piano accompaniments, and 100 pp. of variations, transcriptions, opera arrangements, etc. for piano. STANDARD SONG ALBUM—200 pp. of songs and ballads, with piano accompaniments, selected from the works of such composers as Gounod, Debussy, Rossini, and others. TITLE PAGES BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED in color. Price of each book \$5.00. Sent by mail for \$5.50. LYON & HEALY, Publishers, prepared at States & Monroe Sts., Chicago.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Henry Beckstead, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, administrator of the estate of Henry Beckstead, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his residence at South Jordan, in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated November 19, 1888.

GORDON S. BECKSTEAD, Administrator of estate of Henry Beckstead, deceased.

Ask For Ayer's



Ayer's Sarsaparilla
to any other. The fore-runner of modern blood medicines, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is still the most popular, being in greater demand than all others combined.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is selling faster than ever before. I never hesitate to recommend it."—George W. Whitman, Druggist, Albany, Ind.

"I am safe in saying that my sales of Ayer's Sarsaparilla far exceed those of any other, and it gives thorough satisfaction."—L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills are the best selling medicines in my store. I can recommend them conscientiously."—C. Bickhaus, Pharmacist, Roseland, Ill.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"I have sold your medicines for the last seventeen years, and always keep them in stock, as they are staples. There is nothing so good for the youthful blood as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—R. L. Parker, Fox Lake, Wis.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla gives the best satisfaction of any medicine I have in stock. I recommend it, or, as the Doctors say, 'I prescribe it over the counter.' It never fails to meet the cases for which I recommend it, even where the doctors' prescriptions have been of no avail."—C. F. Calhoun, Moonmouth, Kansas.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$3 a bottle.

SALT LAKE THEATRE,

H. B. CLAWSON, MANAGER.

THREE PERFORMANCES ONLY! Friday and Saturday, November 30 and December 1.

MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2 P.M.

The Premiers,

HAVERLY'S

American European Minstrel!

The Haverly-Cleveland Effort Combined.

W. S. Cleveland, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

A host of Minstrel Celebrities, headed by the Great Comedian,

FRANK CUSHMAN,

The Eccentric Grotesque.

G. H. FIELDING,

The Modern Minstrel.

LEW HAWKINS,

MYSTIFYING CROWLEY.

THE GORGEOUS \$10,000 FIRST PART.